

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

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FIRST TRADE WEEK OF 1906.

THE overshadowing event in business last week was the speech of Jacob H. Schiff before the New York Chamber of Commerce, in which he predicted that unless our currency be made more elastic the greatest panic in American history will surely occur.

These admonitions naturally had their effect. Schiff's speech created immediate alarm in Wall street and stocks at once sold off somewhat in consequence, but on the following day, after the speech had been more carefully and dispassionately perused, the market righted itself again.

As far as general trade is concerned, the current optimism seems justified, but there are certain indications that the crest of the wave has been reached. The high prices ruling for a number of staples have tended to diminish buying orders, as the cost of the raw materials has rendered that of manufactured products so high as to partially check public consumption.

As usual in midwinter, the staples show little change from day to day. The mills in the different lines report themselves fully employed, many having orders booked well along into the year.



HUSBANDS, BEWARE!

It Is Advisable That You Pay Attention to Your Pretty Wives; If You Do Not, Other Men May.

BY DOROTHY FENIMORE.

RECENTLY I attended the wedding of a "man of the world" to a sweet girl who had been brought up in the lap of comfort and knew little else than the knack of looking pretty.

The "man of the world" had lived up to his income in maintaining his social position, and his salary was such that it would be necessary for the bride to forego extravaganzas she had been used to and become domestic.



Fortunate couple, do you say? The outlook ought to be rosy for such popular young people, are you saying? I say not. My observation teaches me that the universally popular girl and the popular man are not well mated for matrimony.

During courtship this young man created about his fiancée an atmosphere of adulation that transported her to the seventh heaven. He flattered her, he praised her, he anticipated her wishes and studied to please her in every way.

The honeymoon is at its zenith now, and she imagines that things will continue as they are. But they will not. The pampered pet will, sooner or later, awake and find that she is no longer a girl with the whole field of masculinity before her.

He has married her, and he thinks in his "manly" way that that should be recompense enough for any woman. That is but a manifestation of the inborn vanity of man.

But let us take a peep into the future from another angle, based on what has happened in innumerable similar cases. Along comes another man who sees how things are running in this household, with the pretty little wife pining for sweets once lavished, but now denied her.

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OCCIDENTAL ACCIDENTALS.

BY A. J. WATERHOUSE.

LOVE IS THE SAME.

THEY sat upon a grassy sward beneath an elm tree's leafy cover— 'Twas long ago, but well we know nor time nor distance counts with lovers.

The little stars among the leaves were gaily playing peekaboo; And one would whisper, "I see naught," another answer, "But I do!"

"Sweetheart," he vowed, "what'er else come while yet we sail life's misty sea, Our love no less shall live to bless, still changeless where all changes be.

For times must change, and friends will change—so goes life's mystic, tragic game— But, though all else must fade and die, our love, sweet love, shall be the same."

Just what then happened I know not, but one star whispered, "Oh, I see!" And low she spoke, and sweetly spoke: "My heart responds to love's dear plea.

It flutters fondly to thine own, as birds, imprisoned, seek escape, And all the bliss I'er have known by this doth seem a phantom shape.

Our love shall stand, divinely drifted, where all things earthly shift and shift. For moons shall change, and stars may change, and joy may sink in gulfs of shame.

But, though the scenes be shifted oft, our love, sweet love, shall be the same."

'Twas long ago, as I remarked, and, oh, for life! and, oh, for love! The scenes we paint to fit our play grim Fortune still aside doth shove.

The elm tree stands, unchanged as yet; the little stars still changeless be, But vainly they play peekaboo and seek the lovers' neath the tree.

The man has wed another girl; in other love he found his heaven. She's married to another man, and now has children, six or seven.

Oh, deem me not of callous heart, for still one fact I dare proclaim: The ones adored we often change, but love, sweet love, is still the same!"

THE SINGLE STEP. "There is no field of thought," remarked the Office Philosopher, after he had sat in rapt contemplation for several minutes—"there is no field of thought where the single step that separates the sublime from the ridiculous may be so surely and emphatically taken as in the writing of poetry. Don't you think so?"

"Sure!" the Horse Editor responded. "The great poet," the Office Philosopher continued, "is he who, by some divine instinct, recognizes the point where the variation of a single line or word would result in taking this unfortunate step, the poetaster is he who does not recognize this danger-point, and so his melody de-

generates into discord and his pathos into bathos. Don't you think so?" "It's a cinch!" the Horse Editor responded.

"Probably a concrete instance or two," the Office Philosopher musingly remarked, "would make my proposition even clearer. For example, Halleck wrote: "At midnight in his guarded tent the Turk was dreaming of the hour."

"There is a martial tone in that line, and its every word seems unconsciously to anticipate the call, 'To arms!' and this tone is continued throughout the poem. But suppose that Halleck had lucked the fine poetic perception he displayed, and had followed the foregoing line with this:

"When he should drink the cocktail blent, or if he chose, a whisky sour. "Do you see how we would have taken the one disastrous step?"

"You bet I'm on!" the Horse Editor replied. "Just one other example," continued the Office Philosopher. "Moore wrote: "The heart that has truly loved never forgets, but as truly loves on to the close."

"As in all of Moore's verse, there is indescribable melody in that line; it sings to the soul. But suppose he had followed it with this:

"Unless a divorce in a passion it gets, and hunts for a chance to propose. "If Halleck and Moore had not possessed the line—

"Aw, come off!" the Horse Editor gruffly interposed, "I don't believe there are any such horses on the turf to-day!"

Then the Office Philosopher asked the other one what he would take, and they went out together.

SHORTEST WAY HOME. "I told you to get the soothing syrup for your little brother and come straight home, did I not, Willie?" "Yes, but—"

"And you have been gone all of two hours and a half, while the baby has been suffering!" "Yes, but—"

"Where have you been?" "I went round by the skatin' rink, 'cause it's clear on the other side of town, an'—"

"And what?" "An' I heard you say that the longest way round's the shortest way home."

Alas, how frequently is childhood's beautiful faith in popular maxims and aporisms knocked all to thunder! With-in sixty seconds from that time Willie's mamma was beating a tattoo with her slipper just where it stung him dreadfully, and she acted as if she never had said anything of the kind.

"Does anything in his nature indicate genius?" "Yes, he can work fourteen hours a day, and keep on working if it seems advisable."

"How'd you like them spareribs?" inquired the meat market man. "Well, the ribs were all right," the customer replied, "and there was any quantity of the spare. Now if you could pre-

FOOD FOR GREAT MEN

WHEN J. Pierpont Morgan dines at home he has corn beef and cabbage. John D. Rockefeller likes hot water and toast. Uncle Russell Sage is fond of thin soups. Thomas Fortune Ryan would give an insurance company or an elevated railroad for a Smithfield ham twenty-five years cured, with old-fashioned corn dumplings as a garnishment. Mark Hanna was a big eater, rivaling Puyeur Quartier. He boasted so much of his corned beef hash that half the members of the Republican party got to eating that luxury, says the New York Press.

Speaking of Hanna's hash, R. L. Spencer of the American Palace Car Company, one of the salt, goes to Springfield, Mass., every Christmas to make hash for the family reunion. Hanna's hash was not a marker to the Spencerian brand, if we can swallow the testimony of those who have had the happiness to taste both. No one ever grows old who eats Spencerian hash. Before starting for Springfield Mr. Spencer gave many recipes, with consent to publish it to the world. It is as follows:

"Take two-thirds of either freshly boiled corned beef or canned corned beef, chop it reasonably fine and add one-third Irish potatoes, chopped reasonably fine. To this add a little turpentine colored the same size as the potatoes—the good, old-fashioned rutabagas preferred. Place all in an old-fashioned, thick iron skillet, mixing thoroughly. Put a few pieces of butter here and there; then sift over it a little flour—not enough to make it gummy, but enough to give the mixture the proper consistency. Add a very liberal sprinkling of real old black pepper (not that white stuff), about twice as much as would ordinarily be used for seasoning hash. Add enough water to keep the hash from sticking to the skillet, cook over a slow fire from fifteen to twenty minutes, not simply "warm it up," as hash is usually cooked; cook until the black pepper is thoroughly cooked into the hash, mixing with a spoon as the process advances. Add more water, so that when ready to serve it will not be too moist or too dry, but just right.

val on yourself to throw in a little meat once in a while—" "That's against the rules," the meat market man haughtily interposed.

BOYHOOD TOWN. Somewhat back of Boyhood Town, in the rear of Yester Street, stands a cottage, old and brown.

Where we urloins used to meet. There we played "Gray Wolf," "I Spy," "Many a game that I forget, But the laughter will not die; Through the mists I hear it yet.

They have vanished from my sight, All the comrades of that day. Some are lost in Death's dark night, Some have wandered far away. Yet doth Mem'ry seek them still, Ceaseless searching up and down, Through the valley, o'er the hills, For my shattered Boyhood Town.

IDENTIFIED. As is generally known, "seamen's return" tickets are issued by most railroads at seaport towns to sailors at reduced rates, but when the other day a somewhat stylishly dressed young man demanded one to Birmingham, the booking clerk at the southern seaport town demurred.

"Seamen's returns are only issued to sailors," he snapped. "Well, I'm a sailor," was the reply. "I have only your word for that," said the clerk. "How am I to know it is correct?"

"How are you to know it?" came the answer. "Why, your leather necked, swivel eyed son of a sea cook, if you feel my starboard boom running foul of your headlights you'll know I've been doing more than sit on a stool and bleating all my life, and you'll haul in on your jaw tackle a bit."

The station master had been standing near by. "Give him a ticket," he said; "he's a sailor."—London Tit-Bits

GOOD EXCUSE.



Paterfamilias—Willie, why did you tell your mother you saw me coming out of a saloon? Willie—She was going to lick me, and I knew she'd be so mad at you she'd forget me.

PROOF OF IT.



Mrs. Rhino—You seem very proud of your ancestors. De Monk—Yes, they moved in the highest circles. Just look up my family tree.

JUXTAPOSITION OF NAMES.

WHEN we drew attention to that wedding of Miss Wedlock and Mr. Marriage the other day, we did not anticipate the shower of similar cases which correspondents have been pouring upon us, says the London News. From a list of twenty-six authentic cases, in most instances giving particulars and dates, we select the following:

At Lowestoft a Mr. Warner and Miss Freezer were united in marriage. At Bristol a Mr. Blizzard and Miss Gale were united in matrimony.

Mr. Pitt-Lewis, Q. C., tried a case of Alabaster vs. White, not long after one of High vs. Low, and some time after this of Halfpenny vs. Penny.

At Partridge Lane chapel a Mr. Rook preached in the morning, a Mr. Partridge in the afternoon and a Mr. Crow in the evening of the same day. The arrangement which, of course, was not intentional, was made by a Mr. Cuckoo, who was secretary of the Sunday school, in which Messrs. Pinch, Martin, Swallow and Bird were teachers.

In a Midland town harvest thanksgiving services were conducted in two churches on the same day—in one by the Rev. J. E. Flower and in the other by the Rev. W. Leaf.

Some years ago the pastor of a London church was named Pig, and two of his deacons were Messrs. Hogsflesh and Bacon.

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MIRROR OF DAME FASHION.



A CONVENIENT WORK APRON. THE apron is among the revivals from other days that bid fair to become a craze once more. The one of the picture is in white linen, with a bib top that adds the popular suspenders over the shoulders, crossings in fine linen is used to trim the top portion, being whipped on gored and the side ones also slightly shaped. A convenient pocket appears either side of the front and a deep hem makes the finish all around.